JOURNEYING ONWARD

LILLIAN DE WATERS

Journeying Onward

JOURNEYING ONWARD

BY

LILLIAN DE WATERS

PUBLISHED BY
LILLIAN DE WATERS
965 East Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

Copyrighted, 1908, by
LILLIAN DE WATERS

All rights reserved

PREFACE.

FOR those who are hungering after a better understanding of God, and for those who need to be led to Christian Science, this book is sent into the world.

The author wishes to state emphatically that the truths contained herein have been gained wholly through an earnest study of the Bible and of the writings of Mary Baker G. Eddy, the beloved founder of the modern Christian Science movement, originally founded by Christ Jesus.

Christian Science is taught in the Christian Science text book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," and it would be impossible for one to simplify or amplify the truth contained therein. Hence, the author's purpose in sending forth this little book is neither to teach nor to explain that which our dear Leader

has given to the world, but it is sent forth with the simple wish that it may find a welcome in answering some of the questions which were perplexing to the author and which may be perplexing to thousands of others brought up under the types of religious teachings, which have been widely prevalent in recent centuries, and are largely followed at the present.

LILLIAN DE WATERS.

JOURNEYING ONWARD.

"CERTAINLY we believe in the Bible," said the Christian Scientist, as she looked into the face of a minister whom she had recently met, as their train was rapidly speeding along on its journey.

"There never was so inconsistent a people," began the minister, "as Christian Scientists. They twist passages in the Bible to suit themselves, and declare that there is no such thing as sickness, sin and death, while all around us are those who are weary, heavy-laden with sickness, in the depths of despair, and dying in countless numbers." Pausing a moment, he went on: "They tell the poor, that there is no poverty; the sick, that there is no pain; and they console the mourner with the statement that there is no such thing as death."

"Have you finished?" said the girl, as she turned her face toward him. He saw a smiling face, aglow with health and an-

imation, and he noted the bright, joyous expression.

"No," he replied, "I have much that I would like to say to you; and if I am wrong in the thoughts which I just expressed, I would indeed be grateful if you would correct me."

The Scientist was glad to hear the ring of sincerity in his voice. "I do not believe in arguing," she returned, "but when one asks for information regarding Christian Science, I am glad, as far as I am able, to correct any erroneous ideas which he or she may have on the subject. As I just said to you, we believe in the Bible. Now let us reason together and see if we cannot untangle some of these apparent 'inconsistencies.' Of course you are familiar with the first chapter of Genesis?"

"I have been reading it for forty years," answered the minister.

"Very good," said the girl, with an amused look. "Who is spoken of in this chapter as our only Creator?"

"God."

"Has there ever been any other Creator?"

"Never. '*All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made;*'" replied the minister, quoting from the first chapter of John.

"Yes," agreed the Scientist, "everything was created, and God's work was finished, so that nothing was made after that; for, you know, it reads, '*And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.*' So we have a list in this chapter of all that God made. It was all 'good' and His work was finished."

"Certainly," returned the minister. "We agree precisely; I see no point of difference there."

"But, perhaps you may," said the girl, with a little nod. "Man was created spiritually, '*male and female.*' Is there any record there of sin, sickness and death being attached to him?"

"No," with a little uneasiness.

"Do you know of any medicines created or specified for man?"

"N-o, but—"

"Now, we will have no 'buts' just yet," said the girl, smiling. "You admit, then, that God did not create sin, sickness and death, and did not provide material remedies for man's welfare and comfort?"

"Well, there is no record made of it there," began the minister, "but, we know that sin came with the serpent; and, surely," he continued with spirit, "there is enough of medicine, of sickness and death around you, to know that they exist, and you have just said that God is the only Creator."

"Yes," she replied, thoughtfully. "I have been led to see and to prove that truth. You acknowledge that God made all, and that there is no record of sickness in the record of creation. Now will you tell me, If He made all, and pronounced all good, and if there is no other Creator, who created sickness?"

Her steady, clear gaze made him feel that he was in a corner; but, endeavoring to appear at ease, he hastened to speak.

"Suppose we should admit, for the sake of argument, that God did not create sickness; even then, we must acknowledge that He allows or permits it, for the furtherance of good in His people, or for the sake of bringing them closer within the bounds of His infinite love and compassion."

"If God does not create sickness," said the Christian Scientist, slowly, "where does He get it, in order to send it upon His children?"

The man plainly looked embarrassed.

"Why," he began, "that is a very queer way of looking at it. I had never thought of it in that light; but," he continued, "there is a power, you must admit, which we call evil."

"Do you mean a personal devil?" questioned the girl.

"Well, er—" fumbling with his coat lapel, feeling that he might be entrapped again. "Why, yes."

"Who made him?" inquired the girl.

"Why, evil has existed since the beginning of the world!"

"But," exclaimed the girl, "you have already admitted that God made all, everything, and that it was good!"

The minister felt that he was getting none the best of his fair companion, but he replied in good faith: "Well, of this I am sure, that evil and sin exist. If they did not come from God, they must proceed from some other source."

"Yes, we agree there," said the girl, warmly, "but our point of difference is with regard to the 'source.'"

"In your religion, do you believe that God does not send sickness?" asked the minister.

"Yes," answered the girl. "If I thought that God sent sickness, I should not try to get well; for it would not be wise for me to try to get rid of anything that God wanted me to have. In fact, it would be a sin."

"H'm. Do you think that God allows or permits sickness?" continued the man, his voice betraying his interest.

"I have been fully convinced that He does not," answered the Scientist. "How

could God, the only Creator, be conscious of that of which He is not the author?"

"You do not mean to say," exclaimed the minister, "that you believe that the All-knowing knows nothing of our sicknesses, pains and sorrows!"

"Yes," answered the girl, "that is what I believe. '*Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil.*' '*God is light and in him is no darkness at all,*' "—quoting the familiar verses to him. Feeling that the minister had a goodly list of questions on hand, after a moment's thought the Scientist remarked in a gentle way: "I would not have you believe that I am didactic. As you ask your questions in good faith, I can but answer them; but I can not forbear telling you that you will find the answers to all your questions in the Christian Science text book, '*Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,*' *written by Mary Baker G. Eddy.* I have answered your questions only through the understanding I have gained by an earnest study of that book."

"I promise to bear that in mind, if you

will but go on with the conversation. I am sure you will not refuse to talk with me if I assure you that I really have a great desire to gain information regarding a number of questions," said the minister, in an appreciative tone. "I believe I was going to ask you, before you interrupted me," he went on, eagerly, "Since God knows everything, why does He not know sickness?"

Feeling now that the right understanding existed between them, and remembering that happy hour when some one had lovingly pointed out the way to her, she hastened to answer:

"You know, love is not conscious of hate; truth does not know a lie; and light does not recognize darkness; so God, who fills all space, can know nothing but His own glorious brightness."

"But you cannot tell the sick that God knows nothing of their pain; the sinner that God knows nothing of his sin; and the mourner that God knows nothing of his loss!"

"Through the teachings of Christian Science, we have learned to tell the sick that God is Love, filling all space, and that man, as the image of God, is spiritual and perfect; that in God man lives, moves and has his being. Hence, he reflects and manifests only what is in God—and the sick are healed. To the sinner, we say, 'Come, learn of God, who knows man only as His perfect child; learn that sin has no power to bind man; learn through Christian Science how to exercise dominion over sin, to loathe it, and to find that man is master and not the servant of sin.'"

The minister was listening with great eagerness, but he noticed that she was looking at him, yet far beyond him, as she continued.

"The mourner learns in Christian Science, that God is Life, and that Life cannot cause death. He learns that the heavenly Father does not snatch the babe from its mother's loving arms, nor make the infant fatherless. He learns that joy, happiness, harmony, life and peace are the

only real, true, normal conditions of man."

"Do you believe," interrupted the minister, "that God does not take the babe to Himself, does not call the father home,—in fact, that God does not take us from this sin-sick world to rest and peace?"

"I believe that God is not the author of death," answered the girl, "that He does not cause it nor permit it, any more than the principle of mathematics causes one to make a mistake in addition."

"Do you want me to believe," exclaimed the man, "that if this train should be wrecked, and I should be killed, God would not take me to His eternal home?"

"Do you think that an accident could push you into the kingdom of heaven?" returned the Scientist, quietly. "We live in eternity now; we partake of heavenly bliss, only as we learn to destroy sickness, sin and death, in the manner that the dear Master taught us. Death never transferred anyone into heaven; for death, you remember St. Paul said, is an 'enemy.'"

The calm, sweet voice of the talker

made him provoked at his own irritability over the last words he had heard; yet he could not refrain from begging her to go on with her explanation.

"People have been taught to say, '*Thy will be done*,'" the Scientist continued, in answer to his question, "and instead of knowing that God's will is health, harmony and eternal life, they think that it is God's will for them to be on a bed of pain, and afterwards to be taken from their loved ones. Does it please God to have man suffer years of agonizing pain, in order to prepare him for heaven? or to kill a man by some inconceivably brutal accident, in order to usher him into harmony? I was amazed and pained the other day, when I saw a little boy gaze out of the window, as a funeral procession was going by. He ran to his mother, exclaiming, 'Oh, Mama! God has killed someone else!' The mother looked at me, horrified to hear her boy express such a thought. She explained to me, that, a few days previous, one of her

son's little playmates had died, and, of course, she had told her boy that God had taken him. How natural it was, then, for the child to think as he did! Then again, I read the other day of a man taking a quantity of poison, supposing it to be cough medicine. Afterwards, it appeared in the obituary, 'Whereas it hath pleased God to take our beloved brother'; yet, within a few weeks, the family brought a suit against the druggist, for not labeling the bottles correctly. Can you not see the utter inconsistency?" asked the girl, earnestly.

"It reads in Job, '*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.*' Can you tell me how Christian Science explains that?" he said, in reply to her question.

"In proportion as we know God as Life, Truth, and Love, we receive happiness, peace and health; while sorrow, discord and sickness are taken away from us—are destroyed," said the girl, simply. "As I un-understand the Bible, now," she continued, lovingly clasping her Bible in her hand,

"I know it does not mean that, because God gives us life, He therefore claims or exercises the right to take it from us at any moment. You must know that God cannot make a mistake. What He gives us is given forever and nothing in the whole universe can take it from us. You know it says in the Bible: '*Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it.*' Through Christian Science, I have been enabled to see that it is only our ignorance of God that makes us believe that we lose health and life; for the right understanding of God proves that man is forever at one with Him, reflecting all that is in Him and nothing else." Pausing a moment, she asked, "For what purpose was Jesus sent into the world?"

"He came to save sinners; yet, you say there is no sin!" said the minister, thinking now that he was scoring a point.

"Jesus was the way, and we can gain the right understanding of God only as we follow in his steps. The Master was

our highest instructor of Truth. He came to save us from believing in sin, sickness and death; and those who are following in his steps are destroying these conditions as he did and are giving God the glory."

"But," interrupted the minister, "do you Scientists not declare that *you* heal the sick?"

"No," she replied, quickly, "God, Truth, is the only healer of the sick. The Scientist must know the Truth in order that the manifestation of sickness may be removed. The Scientist is only the channel through which the Truth reaches the patient,—as this pane of glass," she said, tapping the window at her side, "is the medium through which the light of the sun reaches us."

"But," protested the minister, "if God knows nothing of sickness, how can He heal it? Surely one cannot destroy that which he knows nothing about!"

"Understanding does not know ignorance," replied the Scientist, "yet it destroys it; nor does light have to know

darkness in order that darkness be removed. Darkness cannot exist in the presence of light; so, sin, sickness and death cannot remain with one who has gained the spiritual light, the true understanding of God."

"I understood you to say, that there is no sickness," persisted the man.

The girl did not seem at all disturbed by his persistency, or by his manifested interest, but replied with great patience to all his questions.

"I admit that sickness seems real to the sufferer; yet it is not a reality, a truth, a right or normal condition of man. It is not real or eternal, because it can be destroyed; only that exists as a reality which cannot be destroyed. Black, you know, is not admitted to be a color, for it reflects no light. We know that the condition called sickness exists all around us as you say, but the Truth of God, as revealed to the world through Mrs. Eddy, removes this condition, and the real, harmonious fact of health appears in its stead."

"Now, do you mind telling me," asked the minister, "where you are taught whence sickness comes?" He was determined to get at the root of the matter.

"Jesus virtually called sickness the work of the devil," answered the girl, "for, you remember, he came to '*destroy the works of the devil*,' and he very frequently destroyed sickness."

"But, you believe that there is no devil!"

"The only devil that one may know is the belief of evil in one's own thought," returned the girl, quietly.

"Then do you mean to say, that sickness can be traced back to one's own consciousness?" the minister questioned.

"I have learned," answered the girl, "that fear, ignorance and sin, promote sin, sickness and death; that their cause exists in the human mind, and it has been proven," she added, positively, "that their cure is by the divine Mind."

"On what basis do you argue that sin is the cause of sickness?" pursued the minister.

"You will remember Jesus' words to the impotent man, '*Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee;*' and to the sick of the palsy, '*For whether is it easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise and walk?*'"

"Yes," replied the man, thoughtfully, "but you will remember, too, that Jesus said, '*They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.*' He declared there that the sick needed a physician, rather than one to tell them of their sin."

"I am surprised," returned the Scientist, gently, "that a minister should understand that chapter so little as to neglect considering Jesus' explanation of those words; for in the very next verse he adds, '*But go ye and learn what that* (saying) *meaneth, ... for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*' It is the true physician who heals the sin as well as the sickness; who removes the cause, rather than spends his time in trying to remove the effect. It is a Christian act to clothe and comfort the poor; but is it not more Christ-like to heal

the disease which causes the poverty? You may console one who is fearful that some disease is developing in his system, yet, is it not more Christ-like to destroy the fear in that person's thought, thereby preventing the development of the disease?"

"You are bound to meet everyone of my arguments, aren't you?" laughingly exclaimed the minister. "Of course, I cannot now agree with all that you say; yet, there seems to be a world of truth in it all," he added thoughtfully. "Now I would like very much to talk with you about prayer. I have heard so many times that you people do not pray—at least, that you do not pray as we do."

"Which would you think prayed the more understandingly, the man who besought God to direct him to a climate that would help him to get rid of some disease, or the man who had been enabled to understand God well enough so that he could live in any climate, since God is everywhere? the man who

trusts the physician to heal him, or the one who relies absolutely upon God, attributing to Him alone all power?"

"But, we place God *behind* the physician!" he exclaimed.

"And we place God *before* the physician!" the girl returned, joyously.

"Yes," the minister said, very thoughtfully, as if the admission cost him something. "Certainly the results which Christian Scientists bring out in their own lives, speak for themselves. But how are you taught to pray in Christian Science, if you do not pray as we do?"

"You see," the girl explained, "you and I have different conceptions of God."

"Yes, I begin to see that," admitted the man, good humoredly.

"The 'much magnified man' thought of God is a thing of the past to us. It says on page 140 of our Christian Science text book '*The Christian Science God is universal, eternal, divine Love, which changeth not and causeth no evil, disease nor death.*' So I am learning through this book, that

God is an infinite, perfect, changeless Being, having all power, all knowledge, and filling all space."

"Do you never think of God as having personality?" the minister asked.

"Can you limit the Infinite," returned the girl, "to place or space? God is a living Principle, controlling, maintaining and governing man and the universe, harmoniously. Some people pray to God for some desired thing, and immediately wonder whether they will receive it or not. They argue with themselves, that it could not come this way or that, until they are convinced that it would be impossible for it to come at all."

The girl paused, but the minister looked at her to go on.

"Jesus said, '*Have faith that whatsoever ye ask for in prayer is already granted you, and it will be yours.*' This is as it appears in the Twentieth Century New Testament. Jesus also said, '*All that the Father hath is mine.*' Many a man begs and pleads with God to answer his pray-

ers, as a child pleads with his father to grant a certain request. No prayer uttered since the world began has ever changed God, since He is unchangeable, '*the same yesterday, and to-day and forever.*' The Christian Science prayer is a realization of possession, rather than a thought of need. We are taught to affirm, as children of God, as heirs of Him, that man possesses that which God possesses. His goodness, His abundance, His power, His strength, His infinite blessings are ours *now*. By knowing this, and by scientifically declaring that their opposites—sin, poverty, sickness and misery—are false because they are not in God, and do not testify of Him; by scientifically understanding these spiritual truths we are brought into such a consciousness of the allness of God that we behold and receive the manifestations of our desires or prayers."

"Go on," he said, as the girl hesitated. "I love to hear you talk. You are a veritable preacher. You have not always had this idea of God?"

The girl shook her head regretfully. "When I was a child, I used to wonder how God could ever hear so many prayers. If a million people were praying at the same time, for a million different things, I wondered how He could ever hear them, let alone answer them!"

"I know you can explain it now," said the minister, eagerly.

"The principle of mathematics," the girl replied, "so beautifully illustrates the Principle of life. Should a million people sit down at the same time, and call upon the principle of mathematics to help them work out a problem, they would find it ready to help each of them bring about the correct answer, just as if only one were using that principle. So it is with us; we can each bring our problems to the divine Source of all knowledge, whether they be problems of sickness, sin or discord; and by applying, through the teachings of Christian Science, the correct rules, the right answers or results are attained. In solving a prob-

lem in mathematics, should we fail to get the correct result, we should not sit down and ask or beseech the principle to help us; nor should we find fault with the principle and rules and seek to change them. We should know at once that the fault was wholly within ourselves, that the failure was occasioned by some mistake in our work, or because we did not sufficiently understand the necessary steps."

"Then, do I understand that you do not ask God for anything, but simply endeavor to do the work yourself?" questioned the minister.

"Jesus said, '*I can of mine own self do nothing.*' God's work is finished. We try to see so clearly the scientific truth that good fills all space, that all errors or mistakes go out of our thought and consequently their manifestations disappear."

"Yet, I cannot see why you do not ask for things!" said the man, desiring to be satisfied.

"You would not sit down at a table filled with food and beg for something to eat,

would you? Nor would you sit in a room flooded with light, and ask that you might be able to see?"

"N-o—"

"So," the girl concluded, "we realize that abundance of blessings is now within our reach; and instead of longing for them, and weeping because we think that they are not ours, we have learned how to partake of them."

"Then, you do not put your prayer thoughts into words?" he pursued, earnestly.

"Silently and mentally we commune with our Father-Mother God," the girl replied gently. "We do not seek to bring God to us, but we go to God. We strive to be in tune, in touch or harmony, with divine Love, that we may behold the 'finished work.' This scientific, mental work leads one heavenward." After a moment's thought, she went on, "Suppose that you are in the water and that you pull on a rope which some one on the shore throws to you. As you pull on the rope, it

might seem to you as if you were bringing the shore nearer, instead of you drawing nearer the shore. Thus our nearness to God is wholly due to our drawing nigh to Him by gaining a better understanding of Him."

"Yes," assented the man, brightly, "I certainly understand that." After a pause, he asked, "What about your failures?"

"As I illustrated in solving mathematical problems," replied the Scientist, quickly, "so in our journey Godward. Should the right result not be immediately apparent, it is not because God is wrong, nor because Christian Science is not true; but because we have either not been sufficiently obedient, or because we have not sufficient understanding."

"What do you mean by being 'sufficiently obedient?' " continued the minister, with interest.

"We have rules given us in the Book of Life, which we must follow, in order to attain the desired results in health, harmony and happiness; and," she concluded

earnestly, "we have these rules interpreted to us so clearly in our text book, '*Science and Health*,' that every man, woman and child can prove, in some degree, their truth."

"Having that book, you have not much use for a minister's prayers, have you?" said the minister, jokingly.

"I used to know a minister," replied the girl laughingly, "who prayed for nearly everybody on the face of the earth. He began with the royal families and the president and his cabinet, then included all the sick and sinful in the world, following with prayers for those listening, and finally making slight mention of himself. This never appealed to me, even before I knew of Christian Science. God does not bless us according to the length of our petitions; nor does He bless others upon our request. We should bless the world to a far greater extent, if we should think pure, healthful and harmonious thoughts. Man should not presume to instruct God how to do His work, nor direct Him what to

do in order to bless this one, or that one. Since God is omniscient, or all-knowing, man need never advise Him."

"You would not have me believe that my prayers for my people, for these thirty years, have been worthless?" asked the minister, seriously.

"I can simply tell you what I am learning myself," returned the girl, gladly, "that we aid the sick only as we understand and destroy sickness as Jesus did; that we aid the sinner only as we show him his dominion over sin. We aid all mankind only as we send out thoughts of health, not sickness; of love and harmony, not of sin and discord; thoughts of life, not of death."

"I see, I understand," he replied, very thoughtfully.

"The persistent effort to put thoughts of hate, malice, jealousy, revenge, lust, self-righteousness, hypocrisy, and all other evils, out of the human mind, and to establish thoughts of love, joy, peace, purity and meekness, is indeed the

unceasing prayer; and it is establishing the kingdom of heaven on earth," concluded the Scientist, confidently.

"Then you find that claiming the possession of all good, as Mrs. Eddy teaches, you gain more than to ask for it!" he remarked, as if to reassure himself.

"I want to tell you a little incident," the girl said. "In talking with a friend the other day, she questioned me as to a certain experience which I had recently. She heard that I had been in a position of great danger and had been miraculously saved. She asked me if I did not pray then to be delivered safely. I told her I realized that God's child could not be injured; that there was no power outside of God, and that nothing could therefore harm me. She was amazed as she heard this and exclaimed, 'How presumptuous! I would have begged God to protect me!' I asked her to imagine the son of a king to be in company with those who did not recognize him. Would he beg of them not to injure him? or would he at

once be conscious of his noble birth-rights, and assert his rights and put to flight his foes? This argument was new to my friend, yet I am sure she would admit, that it caused her to think more deeply on the subject. *'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'* If we sow thoughts of fear, anxiety, doubt, discouragement, sickness, sin and death, we must inevitably reap these in effect. Whereas, if we sow thoughts directly opposite to these, they also will be manifested in results. In Christian Science, the sowing of spiritual thought is prayer, and the reaping is the answer."

"Your ideas have opened to me an entirely new line of thought," said the minister, quietly. "Will you tell me why in your testimonies of healing, there is no mention made of the blood of Jesus, which cleanses us from sin; or of his death on the cross?"

"I am glad that you mention that," said the girl, in surprise. "I shall be glad to help you there. Jesus was the wayshower,

the man who above all others lived and taught the truth. He healed the sick and sinful, raised the dead, and said, '*He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also.*' Indeed, we are grateful to him, our example, for the love, compassion and truth which he manifested for us; but," she continued, "the mere blood of Jesus did nothing for mortals, even though it was shed on the cross; nor has his human blood ever cleansed one mortal from sin."

"But," interrupted the minister, "does not the Bible say that '*The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin*'? The Scripture teaches emphatically the saving efficacy of the blood of Jesus Christ."

"Christian Science distinguishes between Christ, the eternal idea of God, '*the same yesterday, to-day, and forever*,' and Jesus who was born of Mary, and who, after a time, gave up his mortal selfhood by ascending to the Father. It distinguishes between the '*blood of Christ*'

and the '*blood of Jesus.*' We understand the blood of Jesus to have been the same as the blood of any other mortal, and we do not think that the blood of Jesus did anything for the salvation of the world. But Christian Science teaches that the Christ is spiritual; that the Christ is the Truth which heals the sick, casts out evils, and destroys sin, sickness and death."

"What do you understand by the '*blood of Christ*'?" questioned the man.

"The '*blood of Christ*' is Love, Life, God; and divine Life, expressed through Christ, is the Saviour of the world. '*I am come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly*'! In John's gospel we read, '*Except ye eat the flesh* (that is Spirit, Truth) *of the Son of man, and drink his blood* (that is, Life, Love), *ye have no* (true or eternal) *life in you.*'"

"But, I do not yet understand how you believe sin to be destroyed," continued the minister.

"Christian Science teaches that sin is never forgiven until it is destroyed in the human consciousness and entirely

forsaken. The word '*forgive*' is made up of two words, '*give*' and '*for*'. Sin is forgiven only as righteousness and truth are *given for* or in place of sin; and thus sin is destroyed. We are infinitely grateful to our dear Master for showing us the way to eternal happiness, peace and immortality; but we do not look to his human personality, nor to his human blood. We look rather to his life, his deeds, his example. And likewise, we are grateful to that dear woman, who has shown a sin-laden world *how* Jesus healed the sick, cast out devils and raised the dead."

"There it is again!" said the minister, though in a very kind manner. "The Scientists can never talk about Christian Science without mentioning Mrs. Eddy. Though, after all, I do not wonder so much, if from her you learn all these wonderful things which you have been telling me about."

"You would not expound the Sermon on the Mount to a layman without telling him that Jesus delivered it, would you?

Nor would you tell him about the Ten Commandments and omit to mention that Moses wrote them?"

"No," the minister answered, "indeed I would not. I must say," he admitted, as though he knew it to be a fact, "that Christian Scientists always have an extensive knowledge of the Bible. Were *you* always a Bible student?"

"No, indeed, I must admit, I was not," the girl replied. "I presume that I had not read a dozen chapters in the Bible in my whole life, until I came into Christian Science. I had often picked up the Bible to read it, but somehow it always appeared so much like a history-book to me—and I never did enjoy history," she added, with a decided nod of the head. "It made me feel sorrowful when I read, or heard read, all those beautiful works of Jesus and believed that they could never be repeated. And what a joy, when I found out that every word which Jesus uttered is practical now! Indeed, I read my Bible every day. I would not feel that I could

begin my day's work without it. Mrs. Eddy has opened the Scriptures for us, and for that alone we owe her endless gratitude. Our hearts pulsate with love and thankfulness, as we think of the toil, sacrifices and hardships she has suffered for humanity's sake. She has been so misunderstood, and, yes—cruelly and wickedly maligned."

"But," interrupted the minister, "I should think that one so spiritual would be protected by the Almighty, and would be loved and honored by all."

"Do you forget," replied the girl, "that even Jesus, that great exemplar of goodness, was persecuted from city to city and crucified? He was denied, betrayed and deserted by the very ones whom he had toiled so hard to bless."

"I am glad that you told me that," replied the minister, thoughtfully. "I don't see why I never thought of it in that light before. I know that you will give me the scolding I deserve," he remarked hesitatingly, "when I tell you, that I have often

thought of looking into Christian Science to see *how* all your fruits are made possible; but something always holds me back when I think of a woman, instead of a man, being at the head of it."

He might have been mistaken, yet he thought that a pained expression seemed to rest on her face for a brief moment. Looking thoughtfully at him, she said slowly:

"Imagine yourself in a dungeon, dark, dismal, barren; yourself, cold, hungry, and wretched, bereft of all that makes life sweet. As you sit alone in pain and helplessness, want and woe, you notice that the door which opens out of your dungeon is locked, bolted and secured in almost a hundred places; so intricate are its fastenings, you are positive that you could never undo them all; and even as you make an attempt, you find your misery increased by despair. As you stand thus helpless—so alone—with the pangs of hunger, thirst and death staring you in the face, suddenly you are conscious of some one telling you

that there is a way out,—a way to open the door and escape from the doom of death, and a way to find food, drink and joy without. You listen with heart-throbbing interest, as you hear that a woman has been in this same dungeon, and has found a way out; that she opened the door and found, Oh! such boundless freedom; and that she has left directions for opening the door for others. Even as you listen, you look around your dark and death-like cell again, and your hunger and thirst grow greater. You hear of the food, drink and shelter promised you, if you will but follow the directions given. Can it, oh, can it be true! You desperately decide to follow, no matter how tedious the work may be; but even as you start to obey, you remember with sharp regret—it was a woman who first opened the door! You would be following the teachings of a woman, were you to obey the directions given you. You sit down on the cold floor to think. If it only were a man, how

gladly you would make the attempt, but you could not—no, you could not obey the teachings of a woman, even though you were sure that it would bring the long desired freedom!"

The girl had turned her face away while she was talking, and now, as she turned slowly toward him, she saw that she had answered his question. His manner was humble and his voice very low as he said: "The way you have spoken humiliates me in my own eyes. May I ask you to interpret, in your way, that little story of yours. I almost know what you will say, but I want to hear it."

There was no mistaking now the glad light in the girl's eyes, as she continued:

"The dungeon is the dark, despairing thought of mortals, when all earthly props have been wrested from us, and only the door of death seems open to us. The door to health may be barred by material laws without number; the door to peace and happiness—Alas! We dare not think what stands between us and that which we de-

sire! As we are in this settled gloom, some one tells us that there is a key to all these locks and barriers which separate us from our freedom; tells us of one who was so pure, so unselfish, so attuned to divine Love that she had found her way out of just such despairing darkness; and, more than that, that she has shown the way to others in order that they too may partake of this spiritual food, drink from this living fountain, and find health and peace."

"And you would add," interrupted the minister, as if to himself, "that there are people who choose their misery, their arrogance and pride, rather than use the key, because the door has been opened by a woman."

The young girl continued: "And after one had followed that dear woman, and through her teachings had unbarred the door of his dungeon and found God's own freedom without—could he, could *you*, journey from this darkness to light, from suffering to peace, from ignorance to un-

derstanding, without even a 'thank you' to her who had shown the way?"

"Your little story has touched and humbled me," said the man. "One would certainly be an ingrate who could refrain from giving thanks to such an one, be it man or woman. I cannot begin to tell you what your last few words have meant to me. My very first purchase, when I leave this train shall be a copy of Mrs. Eddy's book,'Science and Health.' I shall read it gladly and I must confess in a much humbler attitude than I ever dreamed that I could reach. Your talk with me has given me a great desire to get this book, and find out how all these things of which you have told me are possible; and I believe you, when you say, that one must find out from your text book. I can never thank you enough for your wonderful kindness and patience. The time has flown so rapidly, that I have not realized the hours which we have spent in talking. I see that I am nearing my destination, and must now leave you," he said, rising, as the train

stopped. "I shall never forget your helpful words and I know that we shall meet again."

Looking into her face, he clasped her hand warmly, lifted his hat, and stepped from the train.

The girl leaned back in her seat, rejoicing, because another hungry heart would now seek the Christ Truth and enter the true path to the "way of life."

Y0-CWZ-361